mary I would not doe such a thing for a ioynt-ring, or for measures of Lawne, nor for Gownes, Petticotes, or Caps, nor any petty exhibition; but for the whole world: why who would not make her husband a Cuckold to make him a Monarch? I should venture purgatory for it.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would doe such wrong
For the whole world.

Em. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th world; and having the world for your labour, tis a wrong in your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I doe not thinke there is any such woman.

Em. Yes, a dozen, and as many to the vantage, as would store the world they played for.
But I doe thinke it is their husbands faults,
If wiues doe fall: (say that they slack their duties,
And poure our treasures into forreigne laps,
Or else breake out in peeuish iealousies,
Throwing restraint vpon vs; or say they strike vs,
Or scant our former having in despight,)
Why we haue galles, and though we haue some grace,
Yet haue we some reuenge: Let husbands know
Their wiues haue sence like them; they see, and smell,
And haue their pallats both for sweet and sowre,
As husbands haue: what is it that they doe,
When they change vs for others? is it sport?
I thinke it is; and doth affection breed it?
I thinke it doth; is't frailty that thus erres?
It is so too; and haue not we affections?
Desires for sport? and frailtie as men haue?
Then let em vse vs well, else let em know,
The ills we doe, their ills instruct vs so.

Des. Good night, good night, heauen me such vses send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend. *Exeunt.*

Actus 5. Scœna 1.

Enter Iago *and* Roderigo.

Iag. HEre stand behind this bulke, strait will he come,
Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home,

Quicke

Quicke, quicke, feare nothing, Ile
It makes vs, or it marres vs, think
And fixe more firme thy resolutio
Rod. Be neere at hand, I may
Iag. Here at thy hand, be bold
Rod. I haue no great deuotion
And yet he has giuen me satisfyi
Tis but a man gon: forth my swo
Iag. I haue rubd this young C
And he growes angry, now, whet
Or *Cassio* him, or each doe kill the
Euery way makes my game; liue
He calls me to a restitution large
For Gold and Iewells that I bobd
As gifts to *Desdemona*:
It must not be, if *Cassio* doe remai
He has a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me vgly: and besides
May vnfould me to him; there st
No, he must die, be't so, I heare hi
Enter Cassio.
Rod. I know his gate, tis he; v
Cas. That thrust had bin my e
But that my coate is better then t
I will make proofe of thine.
Rod. O, I am slaine.
Cas. I am maimd for euer, light
Enter Othell
Oth. The voice of *Cassio*, *Iag*
Rod. O villaine that I am.
Oth. Harke, tis euen so.
Cas. O helpe ho, light, a Surge
Oth. Tis he, O braue *Iago*, hon
That hast such noble sense of thy f
Thou teacheſt me; —minion, yo
And your vnblest fate hies; strum
Forth of my heart, those charmes
Thy bed lust-staind, shall with lust

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